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THOMSON'S "GLOVE-FITTING" CORSETS

George C Batchellerle
SOLE MANUFACTURERS
345 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

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PICTORIAL REVIEW

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY OF PRACTICAL FASHIONS FOR WOMEN.

DEVOTED TO DRESSMAKERS, LADIES TAILORS AND MILLINERS, PROFESSIONAL AND AMATEUR.

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FOR RATES OF ADVERTISING APPLY TO THE COMPANY

THE editor of PICTORIAL REVIEW is pleased to state that he has secured a space at the Paris Exposition, and that this journal's exhibit will be a credit to it, its advertisers and subscribers.

The booth is in a good position, quite a place of vantage, in fact, and can be made a place of meeting for our friends.

Mail can be sent in our care, and lists of boarding houses, hotels and places of amusement will be supplied upon inquiry.

We cheerfully place the booth at the disposal of our subscribers and advertisers, and if our agents can be of any assistance they will be glad of the opportunity.

OF course, during the exposition, Paris tailors, dressmakers and milliners will vie with each other to show new and handsome models. Our artists will reproduce, faithfully, the best shown.

These will be placed beside our original designs, which would hold their own in any carnival of fashion. Our original designs are the best in the world, and are engraved under our personal supervision, in the engraving department of The American Fashion Company, Inc.

ONE of fashion's latest caprices is the scarf waist. Drawings of this novelty are being made and will appear in the next issue.

The scarf comes in three squares, about the size of a bandana handkerchief, which they resemble greatly.

When the waist is made up it suggests the "handkerchief costumes" worn about fifteen years ago.

The design is oriental, as much so as the name of the silk which is Rum-Chum. Further details, as to making, *et cetera*, will be given next month.

USUALLY the awakening of nature under the influence of spring is contemporary in the feminine breast with a corresponding desire for fresh raiment. For some time past influenza and weather, which by common consent has been considered bad, even for this climate, have quenched all such light-hearted aspirations on our parts; but now we thankfully note the time is over when, to quote Mr. Dooley's description of his state whilst suffering from an attack of influenza, "We wint to bed, an' waited while the mickrobes had fun with us."

First, a woman's thoughts turn lovingly to a new hat or toque. The latter are wider and more important than ever, which is somewhat to be deplored, for thereby they lose that trim aspect which is the most desirable characteristic of the toque. For the present, flowers are the chief adornment and tulle the foundation of most of the headgear.

The prediction as to fuller skirts is also verifying itself. Overheard in a tea shop: One lady, *loquitor* (short, stout, and stubby) to her friend (tall and gaunt): "They say gathered skirts and swathed corsage belts are the latest things. I am having my new dress made so, so graceful and becoming." Friend (of the lean kind): "I prefer the plain tight skirt, without any fullness; far more graceful I think."

Which illustrates the irony of fashion. The one to whom fullness is a disadvantage seeks it because it is the fashion; the other, to whom it would be a blessing, shuns it as not in accordance with her self-constituted idea of what is graceful.

So many are the different styles in skirts just now that each and all may pay their money and take their choice. The well-cut plain skirt is not abandoned, nor is that with the box plait behind; the *bonne femme* still obtains; the draped skirt, and the panier appears prophetically. No one therefore can complain of want of variety.

When Worth was asked, recently, which of the many styles of skirts would prevail, he said:

"It all depends on the customer, Madame."

And here lies the crux of the whole matter.

THERE are three new skirts. One is the "Yoke skirt." It has the appearance of a yoke, from which falls a series of small plaits. The back may be the box plait or single plaits.

This skirt is offered as a premium this month. For illustration, see pattern paper of this issue, page 25.

Another skirt has a new back—the fan back. There are four or five plaits facing a similar number and meeting at the belt, and flaring into a fan effect at the demi-train or the bottom of the skirt.

The skirt with an inserted box plait at the side is another candidate for favor.

The plait is inserted to give the front the desired flare, without a seam.

JUST as we were about to go to press we received word from Paris that another new skirt has made its appearance. It is too late to reproduce it in this issue, but the next number will contain it.

It is called the Trouville skirt, and is plain at sides and front, while the back is gathered and sweeps out in graceful lines. Patterns can be ordered now.

OUR special correspondent writes us from Nice, that modish women on the Riviera are wearing roe-colored boots and hosiery. When it is possible, without a clash of colors, the lining of the gown matches them.

AMERICAN WOMEN AND BRITISH SOLDIERS.

AMERICAN women are making themselves absurd over the wounded British soldiers, all to carry favor with the smart set of London. But it is a pity they have chosen a means that will defeat their snobbish ends. The well-born Briton is more disgusted by a lack of patriotism than anything else. The managers of various "benefits" are willing to take American dollars, but with our own men ill and wounded and their families destitute, the donors do not shine in a very flattering light in the eyes of British society.

When the American girl has married an Englishman the affair assumes a different aspect. Apropos of this, the "Ladies' Pictorial" says in regard to Mrs. Paget's entertainment:

"Not often has a greater success been achieved than that made by the entertainment organized by Mrs. Arthur Paget in aid of widows and orphans of men in the Household Brigade killed in this war. Mrs. Paget is an American by birth; but her interest in the brigade is keen, through her husband, Colonel Arthur Paget, Scots Guards, who is at the front, and has already been mentioned in dispatches. Favored as she was in her scheme by other circumstances, the weather was most unpropitious. A worse night has rarely been experienced in London; yet Her Majesty's Theater was packed from floor to ceiling with an audience which included all the best-known members of English society. Her Majesty's looked very luxurious and so bright and pretty. The floral decorations were beautiful, and happily not so profuse as to make the atmosphere heavy with their perfume. At each entrance, inside the doors, stood a man of the Scots, Coldstream or Grenadier Guards, and a trooper of the Royal Horse Guards, in full dress uniform, giving an appropriate touch of militarism to the setting of a really fine picture. A row of gilded seats occupied the usual position of the first row of stalls, and they were for the royal party. The Duke of Cambridge came in very early, and conversed with many well-known guardsmen of those not yet gone to the war. A little before nine a slight excitement near the left entrance to the stalls betokened more Royal arrivals. The Princess of Wales was the first to enter, looking her usual queenly and graceful self. Next was Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, then the Prince of Wales, followed by Princess Charles of Denmark and Princess Victoria of Wales, with whom was Prince Charles of Denmark, Prince Louis of Battenberg being also of the royal party.

"Mrs. Arthur Paget received their Royal Highnesses, and sat during the evening to the left of the Princess of Wales, next to the Duke of Cambridge. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, was next and between Princess Charles of Denmark and Princess Victoria of Wales sat Prince Louis of Battenberg. Prince Charles of Denmark was beside Mrs. Arthur Paget to the left, and at his left sat Miss Knollys, in attendance on the Princess of Wales. Black tulle, studded with black jet sequins, was the Princess's dress, the long transparent sleeves embroidered with jet. A band of black tulle was worn round the neck with diamonds fastened in the front, and a single stone necklet of very large stones, as well as a long chain of diamonds, was worn. A black osprey and a black tulle aigrette with diamond sprays were worn in the hair."

WITHERED LILIES.

IONA OAKLEY GORHAM.

"IT is a curious situation," she says, as she dissects with a hat pin she discovered in the satin arm of her chair one of the costly lilies he sent this morning, all dressed up in their Easter petticoats of lace paper and wide satin ribbon.

He stirs his tea with precision. His perfection, his air of self-satisfaction, his evenness of temper exasperate her.

She feels that she would be grateful for some excuse for her irritation. She longs to find some flaw in his dress, his manner, or himself. His annoyance or discomforture would be a source of delight to her. But from his polished, well-fitting, patent leather shoes to his crisp, severely brushed iron gray hair, he is correct.

His manner is a combination of the exaggerated courtesy of the last generation, and the dashing impertinence of this. Even though she comes from a section of the country where man's conception of the word courtesy to woman amounts almost to a religion; where a judge fining a man for knocking down another in the defence of a woman would be impeached, and where a shot fired for the honor of a dear one would bring a coroner's verdict of "justifiable homicide," she finds in him a polished grace that she cannot criticise.

His coolness under her sarcasm is extremely irritating. His studied disregard of the fact that she takes such infinite pains to add lashes to her wit exasperates her further, and makes her appear rude and childish in her own eyes.. His wit is so much keener than her own, and compared to hers seems like the sharp, delicate thrust of a gentleman's sword to the brutal blow of a policeman's bludgeon.

He puts his cup down and rests his elbows on the brocade satin arms of his chair, and touches the tips of his fingers together with judicial precision. There is a vestige of a smile in his searching gray eyes, though the firm, clearly outlined lips are set grimly.

"It is a coincidence," he admits, after an apparently careful examination of the subject.

She continues to spear the shattered lily.

"I am delighted that you have seen fit to come back to civilization again," he says. "You held out bravely, and several years longer than I gave you."

"You felt I would come back in the end, then?" she says resentfully.

"I knew you were a woman—a woman with all the best characteristics of your sex," bowing and waving his hands towards her, and returning to his old position.

She turns her head impatiently.

"I tried, oh, so hard," she says fiercely.

He pretends not to notice the sob in her voice.

"But what is the use of rushing to the other side of the world if one is met by one's self there? How *can* one get away from one's self? Then to be in the midst of that suffering, always—to see only the sick and wounded and miserable—oh, I could not stand it any longer. I was obliged to come back."

"Fate is good to me, always," he murmurs.

"I wanted to stay, but I seemed to have no will," she continues piteously. "I wonder if Peter Ibbetson did not sound the true note of philosophy when he said:

" 'We only seem to will freely, and

that within the limits of a small triangle, whose sides are heredity, education and circumstance.' "

He nods, but she does not know whether it means approval of the theory or recognition of a quotation from one of his favorite books.

"It seems as though Fate took hold of my little triangle, and dragged me about like a nurse does a child in its push-cart. The poor little beggar can't stand still if it wants to, and it deceives itself into the belief it is walking."

"It proves the child must toddle along contentedly. If it willfully lags behind, it must expect its push-cart to cut into its back," he says with mingled amusement and pity.

"It is curious, certainly, that just as I return to America, his country seems determined to do him great honor," she continues, taking up her old train of thought.

"He's the lion of the hour," he states ungrudgingly.

He can afford to be generous. He holds all the winning cards. She can but follow his suit, helplessly.

"And to think I should have come into money after all. If we had acted differently—"

"My dear girl," he interrupted, "if you had been stupid enough to take the opposite course, the present could not be viewed through the lens we are using. The whole aspect of things would be changed. You are too clever to cry for the moon, and if you should be inclined to whimper for that article, just remember that it is the distance that lends it beauty. It would not make a pretty ornament for your luxuriant tresses, but on close inspection would prove to be a burnt out, shapeless mass.

"If you had not rushed off by the next ship, after that famous Hunt Club cotillon, you would not have met a frumpy, distant cousin, who left you her money to spite nearer relatives. So much for you. As for him—my dear girl, believe me, the flame of genius burns the brightest in the atmosphere surrounding the miserable. The cramped, fairly comfortable existence of a second-rate apartment or boarding house is not conducive to high art."

He pauses. She leans forward, rests one elbow on her knee and her chin in her palm. Her mental vision turns, as he intends it shall, to what such an existence would be. It is not a pleasant picture. She traces all the inconveniences, all the petty annoyances and humiliations of such a life. She shudders and shuts out the view. Once more her eyes seek his.

"It is to get away from himself that the genius works," he continues. "If he is fairly content with his lot, he thinks himself good company and stands still. If it pleases you, know that to you he owes his fame. No matter how high a place on the ladder he may occupy, he will work."

"Is she pretty?" she asks with irrelevancy.

He studies the tips of his fingers with deep interest. The lowered lids conceal the smile in his eyes. His even, straight jaw never relaxes.

"Of the wax doll type," he says, and is amused at the pleasure she does not attempt to conceal. He rises.

"I am always selfish when I am with you," he says. "I am forgetting that you must be tired after your long voyage."

He stands beside a little Empire table, in front of the gilded steam pipes. On the table is the huge bunch of lilies he sent this morning. He flips the fingers of his glove against the filigree basket. She wonders at his hesitation.

"He is to be a conspicuous figure at the banquet to-morrow night," he says.

She bows. Somehow she does not enjoy his embarrassment, after all. It is a small matter, but she feels the greatest impatience with herself for always wanting things upside down.

She begins to re-arrange the lilies, to give him an opportunity to frame his thoughts.

"Will you go down to the Astor gallery and occupy my box?" he says.

His tone implies he is seeking to know her wishes merely, rather than that he is making a request.

"I am looking forward to hearing your speech," she says.

He draws a quick breath, and she realizes that during the few seconds of her hesitation he has not breathed.

She feels sure that he cares more than she thought. She wonders whether she will be sorry or not after she realizes it fully. She doubts if she would have accepted his proposal if she had known before. In a second he is his careless, graceful self. He bends over her hand and presses his lips to her finger tips with that mixture of impertinence and courtesy that has won him favor in the eyes of many women.

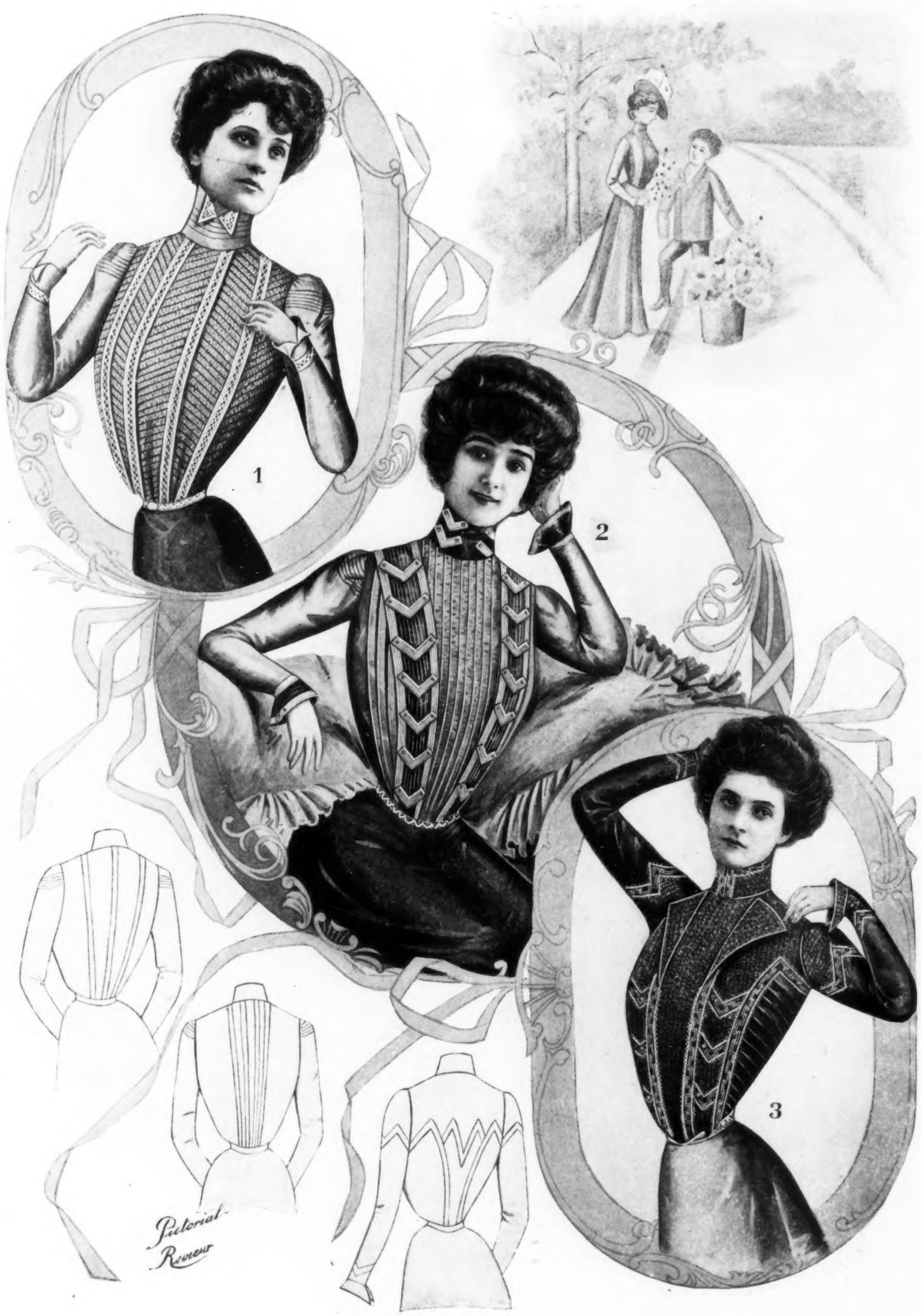
"I seem to be a favorite of Fortune," he says. "She refuses me nothing."

When he is gone she flings herself down in a chair, and her eyes travel over the dismal splendor of the hotel apartment. The satin brocade of the furniture is not homelike, and the mantels and tables are guiltless of ornaments, except for a very good reproduction, in plaster, of the Winged Victory, left by a former tenant, probably. She laughs hysterically, as she thinks the headless Victory is a fitting decoration for her rooms. The lilies are too close to the steam pipes, she notices—they have withered. She kneels down, wearily, by the open window. She remembers to have heard some one say, "Human beings are an endless chain, each reaching helplessly to the next link." Women are always reaching out for what is denied them. She wonders if it is their vanity or craving for sympathy that causes them to rush into marriage. She feels that every good woman believes with Olive Schriner that "Marriage for love is the holiest external symbol of the union of souls; marriage without love is the uncleanest traffic that defies the world." Yet they marry where their hearts are not given.

If she had not allowed absurd woman's pride and worldly advice to interfere—what small things they seem now. But life is a mosaic made up of infinitesimal pieces. They seem put together in ugly, misfitting shapes by some wanton hand. If a master mind planned the whole, the effect has been spoiled. Across the avenue the cathedral's bells sound for evening vespers. Twilight gathers, and stars spangle the blue sky. What a speck on a tiny portion of an atom of a sphere in the universe she feels. How can it be "for the best," she wonders. She is very tired. Her head falls forward on her folded arms, and she sleeps. She knows now—perhaps.

EASTER MILLINERY.

(Described on page 16.)



NEW WAISTS.

(Described on page 17.)

NOVELTIES IN WAISTS.

(*Described on page 17.*)

GOOD EFFECTS IN FOULARD.

(*Described on page 16.*)

BECOMING TEA GOWNS.

(*Described on page 17.*)

STYLES FOR CHILDREN.

(*Described on page 17.*)

GRADUATION GOWNS.

(*Described on page 16.*)

EASTER GOWNS.

(*Described on page 16.*)

Conducted by EDITH EMERY.

THE morning gown and the simple tea-gown may be exactly similar in shape and style, but the distinction depends entirely upon the materials selected. The pretty little gown shown in No. 5164 is extremely dainty for morning wear in the spring season, if made in wool poplinette in two contrasting shades or in a delicate color, with front of ivory or palest fawn poplinette.

A rich violet tint works out well with front and facings of pale French-gray, or pæon-blue with light antelope, or Parma-blue with biscuit, and in each case the velvet is of a much darker color than the deeper shade of the poplinette. Black broché silk also makes up well in this fashion, using a dark crimson, cherry color, or serpent-green velvet, and front and facings of light-colored silk.

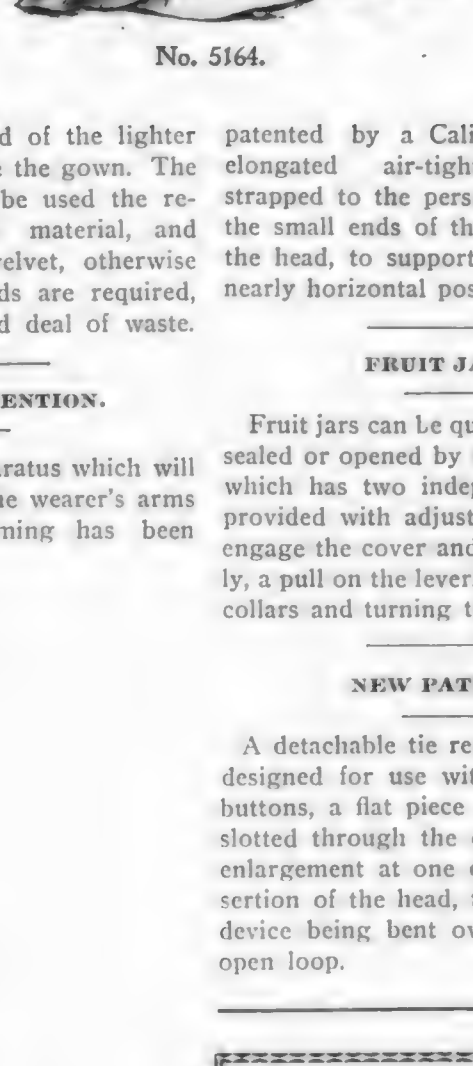
Woolen poplinette runs from forty-six to forty-eight inches wide, and is reversible, and not only wears well, but is sufficiently firm in substance to be made without lining in the lower portion. The lining should reach to the hips, and a false hem of the material, cut from the odd slopings, improves the edge of the gown, and should be finished by grouped lines of stitching.

For a small or slight figure the cut is quite simple, and is shown on No. 5167. The front of the gown hangs straight, and can be worn without the belt, and is arranged to fasten at the side under the darker material. The lining of the left half of the gown is cut exactly to the three pieces shown on the diagram, and there is one bosom dart, which is sewn before the material is laid on. The right half reaches only to the line of the darker part, representing material, and is fitted with hooks, to fasten over on to the right plastron.

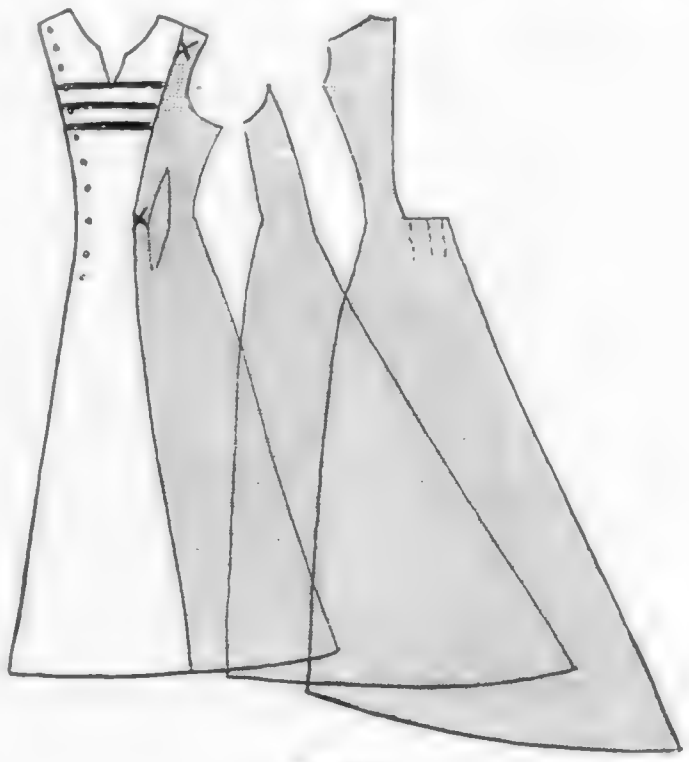
The material is cut to the darker portions of the diagram, but there is a slight alteration on each front, which I do not show, as it would complicate the diagram. This alteration consists merely in cutting the material rather wider from the waist to shoulder on each front beyond the straight line X to X, and this extension is slightly gathered, and caught under the bottom edge of the velvet revers.

There are no bosom darts in the material; these are only in the lining. The first proceeding, when the lining is cut out, is to face the front with the lighter color, and sew the little dart at the top. This need only be made in the lining, sewn and well pressed, and the white cloth stretched over it. The lines of half-inch velvet are then sewn on, and the material tacked out over it. The fronts of material should be turned in deeply, and stitched in three or four rows, which, when the gown is finished, can be continued round the edge.

The back is set in inverted pleats, meeting in the center quite closely. The trimmings of velvet are mounted on stiff union, and are cut on the bias. The little cape of light cloth is bordered with a band of velvet, and has a hood-like effect, and the upper band forms a circular point at the back, similar to the under one. The white cuffs are bordered in the same fashion, and the belt is slightly higher at the back and front, and defines slight points, which have a pretty effect. Six yards of poplinette, one yard of velvet, and half a yard of the lighter poplinette will make the gown. The lighter color must be used the reverse way of the material, and joined under the velvet, otherwise one and a-half yards are required, and there is a good deal of waste.



No. 5164.



No. 5167.

A NEW INVENTION.

A life-saving apparatus which will not interfere with the wearer's arms or legs when swimming has been patented by a Californian. Two elongated air-tight cones are strapped to the person's back, with the small ends of the cones toward the head, to support the body in a nearly horizontal position.

FRUIT JARS.

Fruit jars can be quickly and easily sealed or opened by a new machine, which has two independent levers, provided with adjustable collars, to engage the cover and jar respectively, a pull on the levers tightening the collars and turning the cover.

NEW PATENT.

A detachable tie retainer has been designed for use with plain collar-buttons, a flat piece of metal being slotted through the center, with an enlargement at one end for the insertion of the head, the ends of the device being bent over to form an open loop.

The next issue will contain smart designs for mulls and organdies.

All Hail Easter

THE term "an Easter bride" has become proverbial, and the season when society is throwing off its chrysalis and preparing for its butterfly, summer flittings has become recognized as belonging almost exclusively to the victims of Master Cupid's well aimed darts.

The origin of the Easter marriage is lost in obscurity, but certain it is that Valentine is the patron saint of all lovers, and his festival is just before the beginning of spring.

The *fin de siécle* girl has a definite explanation of the popularity of Easter weddings, however.

"The reason I have selected this date for my wedding," said one of the season's belles, recently, "is just the reason that every other sensible girl chooses this time. It is after the six weeks of rest. This gives a girl time to recuperate after the whirl of the season and allows her to devote more time to her trousseau than she could do if she were married in the season. The time has passed, you know, when a young woman is supposed to go in retreat after her wedding cards are sent out. I doubt if that is done now, even in little hamlets. But a girl plunged in the trying excitement of buying her wedding outfit is expected to keep up with the swim and is not allowed to renig on a single social trick. She simply cannot do both. A big wedding is as much of a campaign as any which has bothered the head of a great general. It has to be rehearsed and studied as carefully as if it was a famous production at a Broadway theater.

"If the bride is of any social prominence she is beseiged by reporters, and it takes a great deal of management to keep those Sherlock Holmes from getting all the information they want. She is in mortal fear that her fiance will open his paper some morning at the club and find himself staring at her bridal petticoat, which is pictured in bold relief."

High noon is the hour selected for the fashionable wedding, when the bride is in the regulation bridal attire. The bridal gown is, usually, of satin, though silk and even cloth is used sometimes. The waist is never décollete, and rarely even at evening weddings, are transparent yokes and sleeves worn by the bride.

At a noon wedding the maids wear high-necked gowns and picture hats, usually. At evening weddings the maids wear the regulation evening gowns. The groom, but he is a mere detail, "an unimportant factor," as Mrs. Browning says, wears evening clothes if the marriage takes place after six, and at any other time, light trousers, frock coat, very light gray gloves, and white Ascot tie.

The bride's family pay for every detail of the wedding, from the cards to the carriages, except the bride's

To the Brides.

bouquet and those of her maids; these are sent by the groom. Of course he is informed of the scheme of decoration and is told what flowers to order. The bride gives her maids and flower girls a souvenir, and the groom remembers his best man and ushers. The bride's souvenir is a locket, often, and may contain the pictures of herself and her fiance. Hat pins and bangles are appropriate, but whatever the souvenir is, usually, it is something that can be worn at the altar.

Scarf pins are a favorite present from the groom to his attendants, and are sent with the ties and gloves which it is customary to give. Some time during the week of the wedding, anyway after the cards are out, the bride gives her maids a luncheon, though the affair may be a dinner, with the groom and his attendants present.

The groom does not invite the bride or her maids to his bachelor dinner. Only the masculine element knows what the last sad rites are. But if all accounts be true, the rites are anything but sad.

If the affair is a home wedding, there is an altar or a bower arranged. After the ceremony the maid of honor steps forward and throws back the bride's veil, and restores the glove which she removed to have the ring placed on the marriage finger. The latter service is rendered at a church wedding.

The princesse robe is a popular wedding gown, whether such a costume is in fashion for other occasions or not. The one pictured here is of white satin, laced in the back. From the waist on the right side begins a boa of point lace and orange blossoms, which runs over the shoulder and in front again, and loses itself in the train. The veil is point lace, fastened in a coronet of orange blossoms, and is not worn over the face, a fashion much in vogue. The "going away" gown is fawn color, squared with brown. The extra large box plaits are stitched to the knees and flare to the feet. The Eton jacket is of fawn colored cloth. The revers are very small, and large pointed epaulettes fall over the sleeves.

The other bridal costume has a box plaited skirt, the whole back made in one plait, which sweeps out into the train. The yoke is veiled with puffs of chiffon, and at the top of the draped effect below is a fall of point lace. The sleeves are covered with point lace.

The maid's gown is heliotrope *crêpe de Chine*, the tunic banded with narrow violet satin ribbon, as is the flounce below. The yoke is corded chiffon, and from it fall two small ruffles. The sleeves are a series of small puffs. The hat is white Leghorn with tips of shaded violet. Bouquet of orchids.

EASTER GOWNS.

(*Description of page 12.*)

NO. 1. A stylish gown of cerise granite cloth. The skirt has a double box plait in the back, and two single plaits either side of the front, which are stitched down nearly to the knees. The waist is made so that, apparently, the plaits of the skirts are continued in the waist. The stock and plastron are white silk, corded, and the revers and sailor's knot are black satin.

No. 2. A charming gown of gray panne satin cloth. The skirt is laid in small box plaits. The waist is a series of small box plaits and is fitted tight in the back and at the sides, but is slightly bloused at the front, and opens over a vest of Renaissance lace, veiling orange satin. The revers are white panne satin cloth, embroidered with cream braid.

EASTER MILLINERY.

(*Description of page 5.*)

THE hats this season are "things of beauty," most decidedly, and after one's wonder at the incongruity of autumn leaves and grapes nestling on tulle crowns and Leghorn brims, has died out, one begins to ask one's self why such an exquisite feature was not used before?

Hats are tilted over the face, or flaring, as you prefer.

No. 1. The daintiest possible confection in lavender lace straw, with the crown swathed in violet maline. Green buttercups, the petals tipped with violet, are wreathed about the maline. Among the buttercups are large, graceful bunches of purple grapes.

No. 2. A very chic affair, in very deep cream lace straw, with knot of white chiffon resting against the hair. Underneath the knot are thrust two black Paradise tails.

No. 3. The crown of this dainty hat is ruffles of changeable pink and white ribbon, edged with ecru straw. The ruffles are arranged in almost a coil. The front is of the straw braid. The trimming is blue and pink roses and dark autumn leaves.

No. 4. Tan straw, tilted to one side, and turned up at the other. Large rosettes of light and dark tan silk, and ivy leaves, in mingled Persian tones and tints, form the trimming.

EVENING GOWNS.

(*Description of page 18.*)

EVENING GOWNS are made very long. They usually have a train, which is difficult to manage when dancing, but Madame Fashion cares not what burdens she is laying upon her followers, when she selects the styles. The gown made "dancing length" is a thing of the past.

The favorite materials are *crêpe de Chine*, embroidered, spangled or dotted net, Renaissance lace, and liberty silk.

The gown in the upper corner of page 18 is cream *crêpe de Chine*. The tunic is draped in two places at either side with pink roses and deep cerise velvet ribbon. From below the tunic falls a plain, wide, gathered ruffle of *crêpe*. The bodice ends at waist line in the back, and is pointed in front. The vest, yoke in the back, and tiny sleeves are of pink *crêpe*, fulled, and lace with cerise velvet.

The second gown is white net, embroidered in chenile pansies. The flounce is yellow chiffon, accordion plaited, headed by a puffed fold of chiffon, caught with yellow pansies.

FOULARDS.

(*Description of page 8.*)

FOULARD is a popular fabric for spring gowns. Such a gown is practical, serviceable and pretty. It does duty on damp days at the sea-side and mountain resort, and is of great value in the early fall, while tailor-made gowns are being made.

No. 1 is gray and white foulard, made with the bonne femme skirt. The waist is slightly bloused on the belt. The vest is Renaissance lace over cream satin. Black silk forms the belt and revers.

No. 2. Light tan, figured with dark brown. Black velvet ribbon bands the bottom of the skirt, the belt and the yoke. The skirt is slightly gathered in the back, but fits the figure at the sides and front. The yoke, ending in a flaring ruffle, is of Renaissance lace.

GRADUATION GOWNS.

(*Description of page 11.*)

NO. 1. The new fabric, silk organdie, a mixture of silk and cotton, makes a charming commencement gown. The No. 1 pictured here is very well suited to slim figures. The skirt has six small puffs at the top, and at one side is let in a panel of lace. The yoke and sleeves are a series of puffs, and the lace panel is continued in the waist. A double ruffle of organdie edges the yoke, and forms straps across the sleeves. The sash and bow are of cream liberty silk.

No. 2. Princesse robe of very lightweight cream cloth, with yoke and flounce of wool Renaissance lace, The sides are laid in small, single plaits, leaving only a small portion of back and the front plain. Shoulder scarf of cream chiffon, with white satin ribbon streamers.

No. 3. White *crêpe de Chine*. The skirt has two box plaits at the front sides, and between them are small, simple plaits, which continue to the back. The yoke is a sequins of tucks, and the bodice is draped and

finished with lace. Large bow of cream satin ribbon at the corsage.

No. 4. White silk mull, over white organdie. Skirt is laid in small plaits. Those at sides are shorter than the ones in front and back. Yoke and sleeves of puffed tulle, laced with cream satin ribbon. From the yoke falls a flounce of mull, edged with white beading.

TWO PRETTY GOWNS.

TWO charming gowns are illustrated on this and the opposite page. The evening gown is white dotted net. Above the flounce on skirt are festooned two small ruffles. The waist is bloused, and edged with three ruffles. A short distance below shoulder straps fall the ruffles forming the sleeves.

The street gown is heliotrope cloth, with yoke of white lace over cream satin.

WAISTS.

(*Description of pages 6 and 7.*)

NO. 1. White taffeta silk, tucks running in opposite directions from each seam. The seams are covered with small box plaits, in the center of which are cross-bar stitches, in white silk floss.

No. 2. Light tan taffeta silk, with vest stitched with blue. Panels of blue silk, stitched with tan, and crossed by small straps held by small brass buttons. Outside the panels are clusters of single plaits.

No. 3. Black taffeta silk, stitched with black and the thread is drawn to produce a slight suggestion of shirring. The revers, stock, cuffs and straps are stitched with white, and edged with a tiny floss braid.

No. 5. Orange *crêpe de Chine*, laid in simple plaits. The bolero effect runs to a point in the back and ends squarely in front, and is stitched down securely. The sleeves are ornamented with clusters of tucks.

STYLES FOR CHILDREN.

(*Description of page 10.*)

NO. 1. White cashmere, with large box plaits falling from a yoke tucked crosswise. The sleeves are tucked in the same manner. A broad Lord Fauntleroy collar of Irish point, and a broad sash of soft, old rose liberty silk, finish the whole.

No. 2. Dove-gray Henrietta cloth; the skirt plaited to the knees and stitched with moss-green. Vest of cream lace over moss-green satin. The waist is bloused, and plaited to match the skirt. The broad sailor collar is edged with moss-green velvet and braided in black.

No. 3. Dotted Swiss, made with gathered skirt, hemstitched, and with bands of insertion let in at the bottom of the gown in front, and running up and framing the square of the décollete bodice in front, and ending in a V in the back. There is a drop skirt of plain Swiss. Banding the full waist, and ending in tarantula bows on one side, are pink satin ribbons.

No. 4. A very cunning little costume of biscuit-colored cashmere and seal brown velvet. Between the box plaits of the lighter material falls the velvet, tucked at the bottom. The tops of the plaits are decorated with straps, stitched in dark brown. The sailor waist is of the velvet, and has a broad collar, split in the back, and below each shoulder in front. It is bordered with a strip of the lighter goods, stitched in brown. Plastron of cashmere, striped with the velvet.

No. 5. Scotch plaid, with a box plait in the back of the skirt. Front of skirt, waist and yoke are of beige velvet. Outlining the velvet is a fold of satin the same color.

TEA GOWNS.

(*Description of page 9.*)

NO. 1. White silk with cream polka dot. Petticoat effect, sleeves and bertha of crimson silk. Cream lace insertion and lace ruffles.

No. 2. Gray *crêpe de Chine*, falling loosely from a yoke of Renaissance lace, over blue satin. The waist girdled with bands of white lace. Full front.

No. 3. Lavender India silk banded with violet ribbon. Yoke, cream lace over white. Sash, violet liberty silk.

PLAITS GALORE.

THE passion for plaits has extended even to our traveling and driving coats, for the very latest and smartest model—which has for its material cloth of so pale a shade of tan as to be almost like old ivory—is made with a deep band of stitched cloth to pass under the arms, Empire fashion, above the plaits, which, though they widen outwards a little at the hem, are stitched all the way down, so that there is no flowing fullness to entrap one's heels—a wise precaution, this, which those of us who have struggled with the voluminous folds of the new plaited skirt can well appreciate.

By the way, these Empire coats are quite the favorites of the season, and the delicate pastel shades of their cloths are most effectively contrasted with the plaid silk used for the big lapels and the turned back cuffs. In black satin, too, with finishing touches of lace and fur, they are both smart and useful for evening wear.

PASTEL SHADES.

IT is still possible to wear a plain skirt—as witness a new Parisian creation of *suede*-colored cloth made *en Princesse*, with a short bolero of Viennese lace in exactly the same tone as the cloth, fastened with two great opal buttons surrounded with tiny diamonds, while a broad band of the same lovely lace passes down the whole front of the gown, and then sweeps round the trailing hem. This union of pastel-colored cloth and lace of the same delicate tint is a fad of fashion, which may be followed with advantage by those who are not compelled to count the cost of such fancies. Another gown, which is guiltless of plaits, has a collar, yoke, and sleeves of mellow-tinted lace, to fit shoulders and arms with the closeness of the proverbial glove; while below, draped round the figure in Princesse fashion, comes pearl-gray *crêpe de Chine*, unrelieved save by groups of tiny tucks which encircle the skirt at knees and hem.

JEWELED DOG COLLARS.

Dog collars in jewels are quite a feature of this season again, but are now made with more apparent idea of fitting the neck on which they are worn. If a woman has a short neck, she wears only five or six rows of diamonds or pearls, as the case may be, but if she has a long, slender neck, she can wear as many more rows and below them can have a string of pearls. The only thing she must be careful about is that she wears just the right number to be becoming. Ladies in deep mourning, so deep that they feel it is not right for them to wear jewels, can still proclaim the fact that they are in mourning and at the same time indulge their fancy in wearing jewels by buying the new dog collars that are made of jet beads with the slides in diamonds.

HANDSOME EVENING GOWNS.

(*Described on page 16.*)

ABOUT PEOPLE

THE following anecdote of Alexander McArthur, that clever young woman, whose story "Princess Delphine" appears on another page, is clipped from the "Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post."

"Alexander McArthur, author of a successful study of life in the Latin Quarter of Paris, which brought to the writer both popularity and profit, is also the pupil and biographer of Rubinstein and is a close friend of Paderewski. The author lived for two years in St. Petersburg, corresponding for the London press, and taking part in some thrilling adventures, but the most singular of the writer's experiences happened in Chicago after the novel had been brought out by a publisher of that city. The book had been so successful that the publisher decided to give the author a dinner to which a dozen of the leading men of letters in the Lake City were invited. The guests had assembled when the author was announced.

"Through the blue haze of smoke there appeared a handsome young woman attired in evening dress.

"'We are expecting Mr. McArthur,' said the host; 'Mr. Alexander McArthur, the novelist.'

"'So I understood,' returned the unexpected guest. 'I am Alexander McArthur.'

"'You?' gasped the publisher.

"'Yes. Didn't you know? I am Lillian McArthur, at your service. I have been writing over the name of Alexander ever since I left my home in Dublin.'

"It was only the work of a minute to rearrange affairs, and the dinner was a great success."

THE DUCHESS OF YORK AND HER CHILDREN.

THE Prince of Wales considers the accompanying picture of the Duchess of York and her three children the best she has had taken. The duchess does her hair very much after the manner adopted by her distinguished mother-in-law, the Princess of Wales, whom she admires very much.

The latest pictures of England's future king show that he has been put into trousers, but none of his pictures please the crown prince as does this one.

THERE is often a great deal in a name; it carries with it countless associations: and many belonging to the world of musical art on hearing of the fiftieth musical anniversary of Madame Mathilde Marchesi will recall to memory days of hard study followed by success, of which a large part is due to Madame la Marquise de la Rajata de Castrone, née Mathilde Graumann, known here and in Europe as Madame Mathilde Marchesi, who has just celebrated her fiftieth musical anniversary. To be credited with the proud honor of having prepared for the stage the best artists of the day is no slight matter, yet this we may confidently assert is due to Madame Mathilde Marchesi. Born at Frankfort, she studied at an early stage with Otto Nicolai (of Merry Wives of Windsor fame); later, acting on the advice of Mendelssohn, and contrary to the wishes of her family circle—the Denzels, Baron Haussmann, and d'Ertmans—the promising young lady decided to take up the stage as a profession—a hardy step in those days when the "boards" were not recognized in society. Among her pupils are Salla, Gerster, Proska-Schuch, Papier, Tremeli, Nevada, Koppmeyer, Staudig, Boulichoff, d'Angeri, Stahl, Melba, Eames, Calvé, Sanderson, Saville, Horwitz Adams, and last but not least, her daughter, Blanche Marchesi. Madame Mathilde Marchesi is too well known as a composer for it to be necessary to dwell upon that chapter; suffice it to add that a member of most of the musical academies of Europe, her greatest joy is always to find herself surrounded by her numerous friends.

ALEXANDER McARTHUR.
(Photo by Roe & Biehler.)

MISS ALMA-TADEMA has inherited some of her distinguished father's talent, only hers runs in a different channel. Though she has won some laurels in the art world, as might be expected of the daughter of the man who painted "Reading Homer," her talent is that of the actress-playwright.

"The Silent Voice" was produced under the auspices of the Oxford House Musical and Dramatic Society, recently, in London, and attracted a great deal of attention. The book was written by Miss Alma-Tadema, and the music by Mr. Arthur Sumerville. Miss Alma-Tadema took the leading rôle, that of the duchess, and acted and danced charmingly. She wore yellow satin with dashes of blue, and in her dark hair gleamed pearls. The motif of the story is not very striking, but the whole is very pleasing.

LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA

PRINCESS DELPHINE.

By ALEXANDER MCARTHUR,

Author of "Gemma, The Story of a Model," "Irish Rebels," etc.

[Copyright by the author, Oct., 1899.]

CHAPTER V.

DURING dinner Delphine could scarcely control her impatience so eager was she to tell Prince Karol of her interview with Graf Poliakoff and its results. She managed to make some signs to him which he half understood, and then in a corner while they were all leaving the dining room she just whispered to him that Graf Poliakoff had promised to do everything possible for Ladislas. Prince Karol thereupon began to sputter and talk Polish. So many questions were on his tongue he could ask none of them intelligently. Princess Delphine was very proud and triumphant, and the news once given to Prince Karol she was anxious to see Madame Tretiakoff. "Don't speak Polish, Karol," she said impatiently. "You will spoil things; Poliakoff hates to have us use it!" She left the old man almost bursting with curiosity and astonishment, herself not a little uneasy at the curious look of cunning on his face as he said gravely, "Delphine, my pigeon, beware of the Graf."

When Delphine told the news to Madame Tretiakoff, the older woman said with a smile: "I am so glad," but her heart beat disagreeably quicker and she felt as one to whom misfortune has come. One look at Poliakoff's face told her all. It was almost gentle.

All that evening Princess Delphine was as one bewitched. She who before had gone about demure and gentle was like another person. Coquetry shone in her eyes, and her manner was audacious. She sang Polish songs for them, so patriotic and rebellious that the old generals looked askance at her, and waited to see how Poliakoff would take them before applauding. They were amazed to see him encourage her to greater efforts.

It was then that his guests began to look at Madame Tretiakoff and whisper. Over their cards and in corners where no echoes could reach her they said, "Poliakoff is bewitched by this Polish girl."

"Ah, well there is so much in youth you know."

"Something none of us are proof against once we pass forty."

"Madame Tretiakoff has been too much in love."

"She has too many caprices to suit him, for he himself is capricious."

Delphine flitted here and there, Poliakoff at her side and Madame Tretiakoff's diamonds sparkled more gorgeously than ever because of the quicker rising and falling of her bosom.

To Poliakoff and Delphine the evening was passing on wings, to Madame Poliakoff each minute was like an hour.

Prince Karol stayed by her nearly all the time and tried to amuse and interest her. He had no faith at all in Princess Delphine's influence, and he feared that Delphine's attitude towards Graf Poliakoff that evening would make an enemy of Madame Tretiakoff. Prince Karol played cards with her, and let her win one game after the other easily. He brought all his old time courtesy into play, and turned the neatest compliments he could, but he was conscious all the time that Madame Tretiakoff's eyes were wandering to that corner of the salon where Poliakoff happened to be.

When everyone had tired of gossip and music, and only the card players were still willing to burn the midnight oil, the others began to separate, and it was then Princess Delphine standing by one of the windows discovered that the snow had ceased and that thousands of stars twinkling in the cloudless sky betokened a cessation of the snowstorm. "Why," she said, glee and satisfaction in her voice, "We can travel to-morrow."

Even the card players came to the long windows and looked out, and before everyone Madame Tretiakoff put her arms about Princess Delphine's neck affectionately.

"Yes, we really can, Michel Alexeitch, you must tell your people to have everything ready not later than noon." Madame Tretiakoff said turning to Graf Poliakoff, and those who heard her noted that she called him formally Michel Alexeitch and not Michel as usual.

"But think of the snowdrifts."

"Yes, Olga Alexeivna, think of the snowdrifts," echoed old General Batonzoff, who had a great war record, but was laughably timid out of the field.

"Snowdrifts and the cold twenty-eight Reaumur—why the snow is as hard as rocks, and we none of us have seen Petersburg for a fortnight."

"Oh yes, oh yes," said Delphine plaintively, "let us go to-morrow." She was thinking of Boris and the gloomy fortress of Peter and Paul.

"Well, perhaps," Poliakoff said raising his eyebrows thoughtfully as he looked out over the great white plains and then up at the sky. "It certainly won't snow for another forty-eight hours, and then there is the ball at the Winter Palace on Monday next, which we must all attend. And you ladies, I suppose, have all sorts of consultations with your dressmakers before you."

"Yes, yes; by all means let us go," was the general chorus that greeted his remark.

"Noo, charasho, charasho,"* Graf Poliakoff said with a shrug as if disdaining the responsibility. "Then we start to-morrow at noon, and we had best all try to get some sleep now, for we may have to stay in a snowdrift to-morrow night."

With a murmured echo of "good night" (spakoinee notsch) they separated, Prince Karol going off arm-in-arm with Princess Delphine, and partly by accident Madame Tretiakoff remaining behind with Poliakoff.

Poliakoff looked at her somewhat uneasily. There was a certain calmness about her he had learned to fear more than an outburst, but she surprised him by talking about the mere details of their journey, and also by her affability and her air of *camaraderie*.

"Let us smoke a cigarette together," she said at last when the steward and head coachman had taken the last of their orders, and they were alone. "Probably our last for a long time to come." There was a smile in her dark eyes, but her voice was sad.

Poliakoff laughed uneasily. "Why, Olga, what nonsense!"

"Nonsense? No; truth is never nonsense, and I have always been credited with great insight, even second sight as the Scotch say." She looked at him steadily, but as he said nothing after a pause she continued, "I will tell you what I see. I see you marrying shortly."

"My marriage," Poliakoff said laughing. "But she is only a child and in love with Bobrinski."

Madame Tretiakoff could hardly control her voice; for his answer unexpected and absolute in its confirmation of her suspicions almost paralyzed her thoughts for a moment.

"Yes, yes; I mean what I say," she continued unsteadily, "and Bobrinski-Potocki is only a figure in her life that is magnified because of misfortune. Free him and the rest is easy."

"But, Olga, you say these things to me—you—"

"Yes, I. Why not? The past is only an episode, and you must marry and have heirs. I wish you very well."

She stood up as she finished and her face was a study of gravity as she let him kiss her hand, which he did passionately.

They separated immediately, and on her way to her own apartment Madame Trietakoff, seeing a light in Delphine's room, tapped at her door. A maid opened it, and Madame Tretiakoff stood for a moment lost in admiration at the pretty picture Delphine made in bed.

"Why, Dooshinka, already in bed," she said laughing.

"Oh yes, but not asleep. Do come in and sit down and talk. Catarina you can go."

"Well, I will sit down a moment, for you know we Russians think it unlucky to come into a room and not sit down, but we must all sleep."

Princess Delphine, somewhat excited after her talk with Prince

*Well, very good

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Karol, was only too delighted to see Madame Tretiakoff and hear what her counsel would be.

"You feel happier now than when you arrived, do you not? Poliakoff has promised to do what he can for your Ladislas?"

"Yes, and he can, can he not?"

"Undoubtedly. His power is really absolute."

"This is Ladislas," Delphine said with a blush taking from her neck the small gold chain which held the cross all Russians and Poles wear, and also a medallion of her sweetheart.

It was the picture of a good looking, typical Polish face, and Madame Tretiakoff gazed at it intently; then she handed it back, saying softly: "Child, don't wear this. Poliakoff is very much smitten with you, but if he gets jealous woe betide Ladislas."

Delphine put the miniature against her cheek. "I know him well, you know, and I should advise you to strike while the iron is hot," Madame Tretiakoff continued.

"He likes women to favor him, does he not?" Delphine asked meditatively.

"Not all women, some. But his temper is uncertain, and he is no better than an animal when crossed in his wishes or desires. You can be awfully proud, my pigeon, at subduing him so quickly, for his heart is one of steel; but do not be too proud."

"You are such a good friend to me. How can I ever thank you?" Delphine said as they kissed each other good night.

"How?" Olga Alexeivna said as her hands closed more tightly on those of Delphine. "By being good to him. By making him happy, if you can."

"Ah, that—never, never," Delphine answered vehemently.

Madame Tretiakoff hardly listened to her, so great was the tumult of her thoughts. She made the sign of the cross, absent-mindedly, on Delphine's forehead, and kissed her again, then went away.

* * * * * * *

The air was like champagne, although bitterly cold, and the merry jingle of the sleigh bells was ceaseless. Poliakoff's steward was running about like one demented seeing to this and that, and some twenty moujiks in their dirty sheepskins and felt boots were holding the horses' heads, waiting for Poliakoff and his guests to start. The sun shone fiercely, and under its rays the hardened snow on the ground glittered, and every branch of the trees about shone like glass. The ladies in their brilliant blue, green and red velvet shoubas and caps, trimmed with sable or fox or white astrakan, made blotches of picturesque color on the white landscape, and the great *hoi polloi* of the villages owned by Poliakoff stood round in open-mouthed wonder and awe.

Now and again a moujik or some peasant woman would run over, clasp Poliakoff's hand and kiss it spasmodically as they begged for or thanked for a favor, and the poor people all around stood muttering prayers for his safe journey, and blessings on him and all his guests, some out of fear, others from real gratitude.

Poliakoff had insisted on sending Vassili back to Szartorski that the household there would have their fears allayed as to Prince Karol's and Delphine's safety, so that Delphine and her uncle traveled in the sledge with Poliakoff and Madame Tretiakoff.

When the steward blew a horn everyone got into their sledges, and the coachmen looking like giants in their heavily padded robes began to crack their whips. Three horses were fastened to each sledge, and over these long tasseled colored nets hung to prevent the snow flying into the eyes of those behind. At last with many pious ejaculations from those around, and deafening howls from the dogs, the whole cavalcade started.

Flying through the wintry landscape Delphine could hardly believe her eyes that Karol and Poliakoff were sitting together before her, and that Poliakoff was actually busying himself as to the small matters of her comfort.

Were her feet warm? Were they well placed on the foot warmer encased in bear skin? Did the flying snow bother her? Or were they going too fast for her to breathe easily? These and like questions he put to her constantly, alert for the smallest detail attendant on her comfort.

Prince Karol and Madame Tretiakoff were apparently absorbed in each other's conversation, and when they stopped after nearly two hours to give the horses a much needed rest and drink vodka themselves, Madame Tretiakoff suggested to Delphine that Prince Karol being old she should give him the back seat and sit with Poliakoff. After much hesitancy on Prince Karol's part this was arranged, much to Poliakoff's satisfaction, for Delphine nestled closely to him, and he could look straight down into her eyes at closer quarters.

Once it seemed to him her nose was frozen, and he rubbed it for her with snow, and then they discovered that both Prince Karol and Madame Tretiakoff were fast asleep, the combined effects of vodka and the air.

One of Poliakoff s servants had started at dawn with provisions to have a good luncheon ready for the party at Petrovsky, and when they arrived there an hour late, all were as hungry as hunters, and delighted to shake their limbs and move about at their ease.

Delphine and Poliakoff were alone for a few moments, and he looked at the tip of her nose anxiously. "It feels all right, does it not?"

"I think so," she said, touching it lightly with her fur glove.

Then before she had time to repulse him Poliakoff bent over and kissed her on the spot, and the heat of his lips felt extreme.

(To be Continued.)

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HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES

AN ARTISTIC window seat is greatly to be admired. There is a fad at present of making a den of the corridor, especially in country houses. Nothing is more charming than an old-fashioned corridor, with an open fireplace, in which large logs are burned. Several cosy window seats add greatly to the charm.

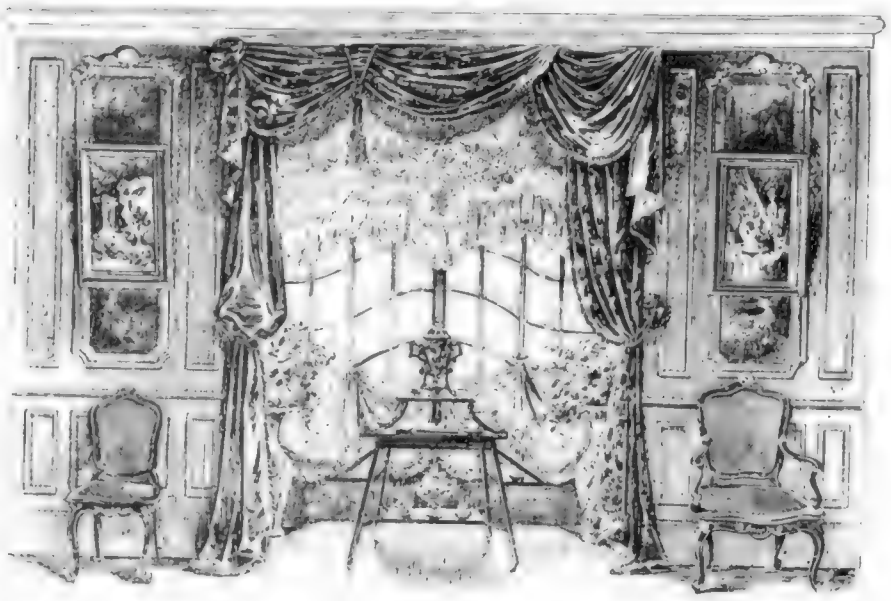
The bay window here has the small cross-bar panes, which are quaint and old fashioned. From the top, half way down to the seat falls a lace shade. The top of the embrasure is a canopy of thin brocade silk in pink and white.

Fastened at either corner of the casement, and festooned at intervals against the panes, is a drape of pink liberty silk. One portiere is deep coral velvet, and the other is brocaded in pink and white, as is the top drapery. Tall vases, filled with flowers, decorate either side of the cushioned window seat, and its pillows blend with the whole color scheme.

The tea table is in a place of vantage in this artistic nook, and when a young woman presides, she makes a pretty picture and has an effective frame and background.

Another effective place for a cosey corner is the landing of a stairway. When it is large enough to contain a couch, writing table and flower vases, and can be shut off from the lower hall by portieres, it becomes a charming retreat for interested couples, or a place of vantage for musicians at entertainments.

There is nothing that gives a house such an appearance of luxury as a handsomely arranged and tastefully appointed stairway. Even if there



is room but for a vase or palm and a settee, the effect is good. The portieres make a good finishing touch, and a large rug thrown over the balustrade gives an air of luxury.

Squash Biscuit.

Scald one-half of a cupful of milk. Add to it one-third of a cupful of sugar, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one-half of a cupful of steamed squash rubbed through a strainer. Boil an hour.

Cheese Souffle.

Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan. When it has melted add three level tablespoonfuls of flour. Stir this until smooth. Pour over gradually one-half of a cupful of milk. Stir this over the fire until it boils, then add one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, a dash or two of Cayenne pepper, one-third of a cupful of grated American cheese. Remove from the fire, and add the yolks of three eggs beaten until thick. Let this mixture cool, then cut in the whites of the three eggs that have been beaten stiff. Turn this into a buttered baking dish, and bake in a moderate oven fifteen to twenty minutes. These may be baked in souffle cups or paper cases. Serve as soon as removed from the oven.

Entire Wheat Bread.

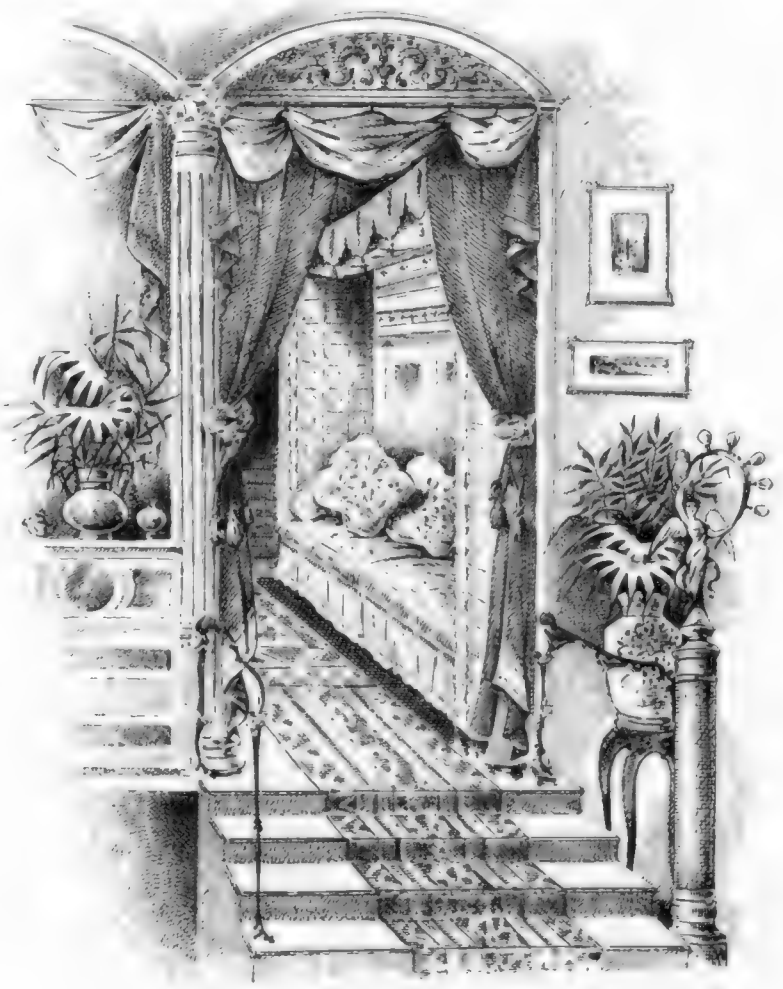
Scald two cupfuls of milk in the double boiler; pour it into a bowl, and add to it one-third of a cupful of molasses and one teaspoonful of salt. Let this cool, and when lukewarm, add one-third of a yeast cake that has been dissolved in one-fourth of a cupful of warm water; then add four and one-half cupfuls of entire wheat flour. Beat the mixture well and cover the bowl, and let it rise until it has doubled in bulk. Then beat it again for five minutes, and turn it into greased bread pans. Let it rise again until nearly to the top of the pans. Then put in a moderate oven and bake forty-five minutes.

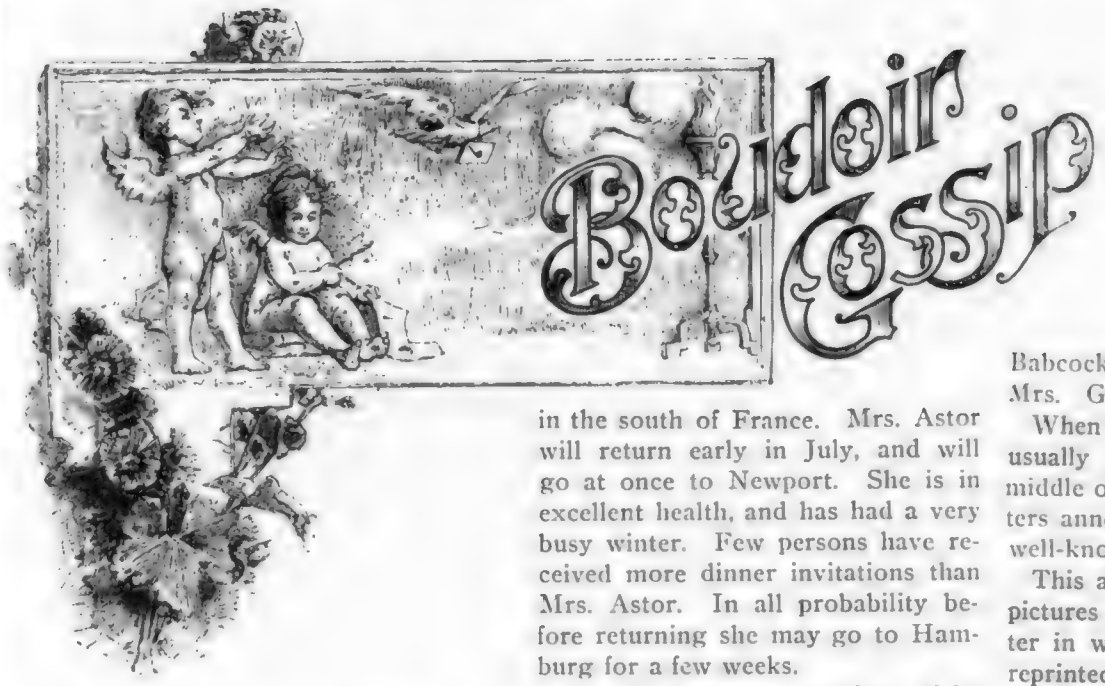
Sugar Gingerbread.

Beat two eggs until light. Gradually add the sugar. Mix together one and three-quarters of a cupful of flour, three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of ginger. Add this to the egg and sugar, alternating with two-thirds of a cupful of cream. Turn into a buttered cake pan and bake in a moderate oven twenty-five minutes.

Cream Whips.

Sweeten one cupful of thin cream. Flavor with vanilla or with wine. Then whip it. Put some preserve in frappe glasses, and pile on lightly the whip. Serve very cold.





MRS. ASTOR'S sailing was the knocking from under the season the last prop that held it up out of the sea of oblivion. Things subsided after that. It was the final straw.

Taking it all in all, it has been the dullest season New York has known in many years. Society has been like a great over-fed schoolboy, tired of play, and determining to sit in a corner and gape.

There has been no entertainment of startling magnitude this season, and such events as ordinarily would have been crowded down in the unimportant column of the dailies, headed Other Society Notes, have been given spread heads and placed most prominently.

Mrs. Astor, however, departed and the season flickered out in a thin, wavering flame. London will know Mrs. Astor for a time. She will be the guest of her daughter, Mrs. G. Ogilvy Haig, to whom London society gives the cut direct.

London society will stand a great deal in one of its own particular pets, but when a rank outsider offends, London draws aside its skirts and whispers behind its fan in disapproval. Mrs. Haig, formerly Mrs. Coleman Drayton, married a man in "twade" and that settled her. But she has the consolation of knowing that her mother repays cut for cut with Mosaic relentlessness. Of course, there is no truth in the story that the Prince of Wales commanded Mrs. Astor, by cable, to lend her name to the Langtry tea, but Mrs. Astor is a clever woman, and her daughter's failure to occupy her proper position in society hurts her deeply, and while she knows that no matter how much the Prince espoused the cause of Mrs. Haig, she could not be received at court, still the Prince is all-powerful on other points. Mrs. Astor's name headed the list of Lily Lantry's patronesses.

From London Mrs. Astor will go to her apartment in Paris, where she will remain for several months. It is not her intention to join Colonel and Mrs. John Jacob Astor in the south of France. Mrs. Astor will return early in July, and will go at once to Newport. She is in excellent health, and has had a very busy winter. Few persons have received more dinner invitations than Mrs. Astor. In all probability before returning she may go to Hamburg for a few weeks.

New York seems conscious of its balky refusal at the social hurdle this season, and even now is promising to do better next year. The dates of the Assemblies for next season have been fixed. December 13 is the evening appointed for the first and January 24, 1901, the date selected for the second ball. Needless to say the Waldrof is the place chosen for the festivities.

The fortnightly dances, under the direction of Mrs. Lewis Livingston Delafield and associate patronesses, are to go on their successful way again next year, and already the subscription list is almost completed. They will be held in the Astor Gallery of the Waldorf-Astoria, and the dates are December 4 and 18, 1900, and January 8 and 22, and February 5 and 19, 1901.

An awfully jolly party, given just before Lent, was the Black Face Cake Walk at the studio of Mr. Stanley Todd, No. 58 West Forty-seventh street. The place was gorgeously decorated with rugs, brocades, paintings, embroideries, armors, Japanese lanterns and tall palms. A wig-wag station was just inside the door, in the balcony, and each guest was wig-wagged a welcome, the flags being held by one of the guests, in the dress of an American sailor.

Mrs. Todd wore a gown designed by her husband. She was an Egyptian princess, in clinging, misty black gauze, with innumerable jewels and amulets. Mr. Todd was a Mexican, in red stain breeches, black velvet jacket and sombrero.

There were about eighty dancers, all of whom appeared in fancy dress. Mrs. J. T. Marean was a peasant, with yellow satin petticoat, black velvet bodice, white chiffon chemisette and Swiss cap. Miss Rogers appeared as Night. Her costume was of black gauze, with silver crescents. J. B. Francis Herreschoff was a Highlander, in kilt and bonnet; Miss Wissner was a charming Japanese girl, and Mrs. C. T. Pierce a French marquise. She wore a gown with big paniers and a skirt of wonderful old brocade, which belonged to her grandmother.

Courtlandt Davis was George II. The other guests included Mr. and Mrs. Edward Trowbridge Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dodge, Dr. and Mrs. Pierce Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Coogan, Job B. Hedges, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barr, Leo Martin, Miss Alice Babcock, Mr. Ruckstuhl, Mr. and Mrs. George Glaenzer.

When society news is at a low ebb, usually in the "silly season," the middle of the summer, society reporters announce the marriage of some well-known belle or man about town.

This allows columns of interviews, pictures of both sides and old matter in way of family history can be reprinted.

But at this season, I cannot see why they should victimize Miss Swan, daughter of Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., again. The alleged happy man in the case is Max Muller, second attache of the British embassy. The news must have been startling to a certain charming young woman of Washington, the widow of a naval officer. Mrs. Dyer has denied the rumor, however, and all is well at the capitol.

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Questions for this page should be addressed to Gladys Grey.

—

"La toilette d'une femme est un autel aux dieux inconnus."

—A. Karr.

NOT long ago I was playing with a merry party of children at the old-fashioned game known as "My Lady's Toilet," which probably dates, like "Blind Man's Buff," from the time of William the Conqueror. As the youngsters turned the trencher, and promptly responded to the calls for soap, mirror, brush and comb, hairpins, powder, scent, etc., I fell to musing on the origin of all these things and omitting to rise at the word "toilet," was condemned to pay a forfeit as the penalty for forgetfulness. My pledge redeemed, I fled to the library, where, from quaint old volumes in various tongues, I gathered the facts and fancies, the legends and the lore, that have accumulated from prehistoric times round the implements used when "awful beauty puts on all its charms."

Readers of Pictorial Review will, I hope, be interested in knowing a little of the life-history of these familiar objects, so I will preface them with a few words on the toilet itself.

The mythological toilet of the goddesses, especially of Venus and Diana, has been depicted times without number by painters, from Titian downwards, who have, however, usually confined themselves to portraying the goddesses in the act known to mortals as "doing their hair."

In the eyes of artists, the less adorned a woman the more beautiful she is, yet in all ages they have delighted to portray our sex, adding some artistic touches to natural charms. One of the most interesting discoveries during the excavations at Herculaneum was the picture of a young girl at her toilet, which has been carefully preserved in the Naples Museum.

The toilet of Semiramis has become matter of history. That celebrated queen was actually arraying herself when she received a message announcing the revolt of a portion of her empire. She immediately hastened to place herself at the head of her troops, and only finished arranging her dishevelled tresses after having quelled the rebellion.

It is a far cry from the days of Semiramis to the eighteenth century, but there is little that is interesting to record in the interval. In the time of Louis XV. of France, "la toilette," which was originally a covering of linen, silk, or tapestry spread over a table in the dressing-room, came to signify the toilet-table. Ladies of fashion usually possessed themselves of two such pieces of furniture. The first, known simply as "la toilette," was used when Madame dressed without other witnesses than her hairdresser, maid, or valet de chambre; the second, or "toilette de luxe," was spread out before the admiring gaze of visitors. On it were laid the jewel-case, goblet, powder, patch, and spice boxes, the mirror, the glove-case, and the other ancestors of a modern toilet set, which were indispensable to the "grandes dames" of the last century, both in England and France.

"La toilette" was at this period the most important affair of the day, for it meant the adjustment of mere beauty to the prevalent taste, and painters like Watteau, Boucher, and Fragonard were employed to decorate with delicate frescoes the rooms in which the great ladies received their friends while they themselves were being painted, powdered, and patched. The artists of that time have, moreover, not scorned to depict the "petit lever" of Madame, who, seated in her dressing-closet before a carved and gilded mirror, gives audience to gallants, poets, chevaliers, and abbés.

No better description of the English equivalent of an eighteenth century "toilet" can be found than the following from Pope's "Rape of the Lock":—

"And now unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux!"

A modern toilet-table is certainly quite as elaborate in its appointments as that of the fair "Belinda," but the modern Englishwoman spends more time at her ablutions, and consequently has less need of the cosmetic's powers than her eighteenth century sister.

One of Sarah Grand's heroines, on being asked what she did to her face to preserve her complexion, replied, "I wash it," and it is of soap and the correct way to wash the face that I have to write in answer to Lily D. It is not flattering that she does not remember what I said on the subject some months ago. But it is more satisfactory to conclude that she did not know then "the best fashion journal in the market." In that case it is her misfortune, not her fault. To begin with, the soap and the method of washing the face must depend on the quality of the skin. If it is too dry, and apt to scale, do not wash the face in soap, no matter how fine, and only once a day at that. Do not rub with a rough towel, but dry by patting with a silk cloth. Apply at night some soothing cream, or this solution: Four ounces of rose water, one ounce of glycerine, one-fourth ounce of benzoin.

If the skin is oily, the face should be washed in carbolic soap, and rubbed with a chamois skin, after it is dried with a rough towel. Powder is apt to clog the pores of oily skins and produce blackheads, unless the pores are kept as closed as possible.

Mix one ounce of dried rose leaves and half a pint of white vinegar. Let this stand for several days, then add one-half pint of rose water. Let this stand for two days, then strain, throwing away the rose leaves and putting the lotion in a glass jar. Cork it tightly. At night apply the lotion with a silk cloth. A linen or cotton one is apt to leave lint on the face. Naturally, this prevents the lotion from getting into the pores.

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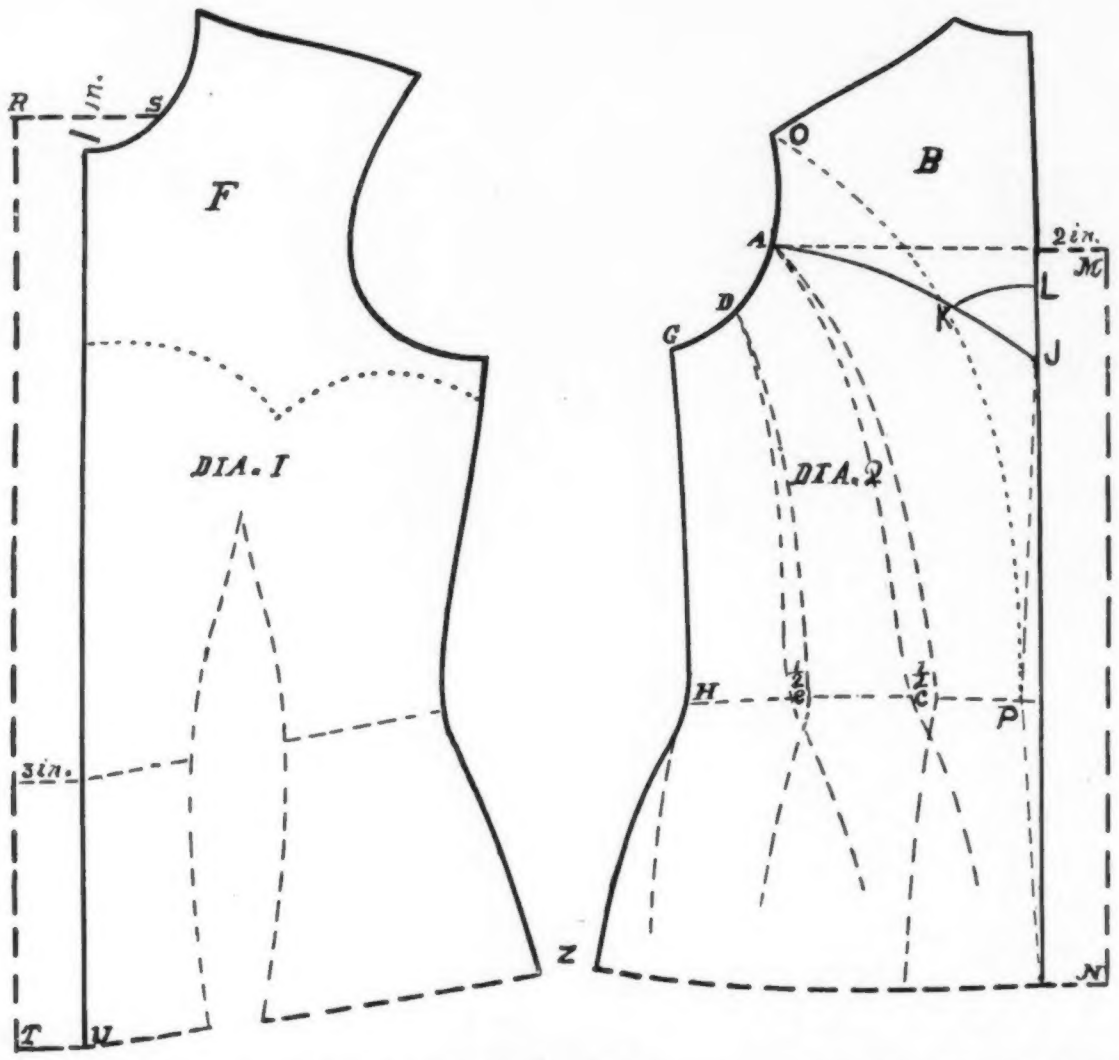

LESSON ON PRACTICAL DRESSMAKING.

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THE SHIRT-WAIST.

The Shirt-Waist is very easily cut and made by the McDowell System. This garment usually has some extra fullness at the front and back, although many are now made with but very little, if any, fullness, except such as is allowed by not taking up the front darts.

Most Shirt-Waists are usually made in two parts; the Front forms one part, and the Back, Sidebody and the Underarm are drafted together for the other part.

A yoke is generally used to assist in keeping the proper shape and to control the fullness in the back. Many Shirt-Waists are now being made, however, with so little fullness that the yoke is not specially required for that particular purpose, though as it always looks well in a Shirt-Waist it is generally used. When a lining is used it is simply a plain Waist lining, usually with one dart.

TO DRAFT AND CUT.

Persons using the McDowell System take the measures in the regular way and simply set the Drafting Machine the same as for a plain Waist—that is except the darts, which are set three (3) sizes smaller.

The Front is marked in the regular way, with the exception of the darts (these are not marked). As much extra fullness as desired is allowed along the Front line as shown by dotted lines SRT.

The Back is marked in the usual manner, except the Side Seam AC; this is only dotted. (The center of the back is usually marked by a straight line from the neck down.)

Draft the Back, Sidebody and Underarm all in one, having the sewing lines meet at the armhole at A and D, and have these pieces *one-half inch apart at the Waistline* at C and E—(that is, just the width allowed for seams on the Sidebody and Underarm pieces.) To complete this part of the pattern mark around the armhole from A to G, and Underarm Seam from G to Z.

Mark curved line from AJ for yoke, and add extra goods at the Center of Back (M to N) when desired, to be laid in plaits.

This completes one style of Shirt-Waist.

DIFFERENT STYLES.

When a yoke is used this extends from the neck and shoulder down to line AJ, when you want one point in the back, or down to AKL if you desire two points. The yoke is often cut double when the Waist has no lining.

The material from the yoke down is usually all in one piece. It is cut straight across the back, as shown by MA, around the armhole AG, and down to Z. This piece is all one. From G to A and from A to K it is to be smooth, without fullness but from K (which is two inches from L); all the material from K to M is to be gathered in a space from K to J, and stitched between the double yoke.

At the Waistline the fullness of the back and front can be gathered on a belt, or, as some prefer, you can put a facing on the inside and run a tape through it.

From these directions you ought to be able to draft almost any style of Shirt-Waist. See "Pictorial Review" for February.

The Waist No. 5 (Feb. No.) is drafted according to the regular instructions, except that a vest of different material is used. In drafting the Waist No. 4 (Feb. No.), which is very plain, no fullness is allowed in the back, and the line OP takes the place of line AJ. Very little fullness, if any, is allowed on the Front, and the upper part of Front is shaped like the part marked F.

The Sleeve used most at the present time is a plain, tight-fitting one. When a Cuff is used it is generally made of the same material, also the Collar. The Collar is the same as the rolling collar used by men, and the band at the neck is the same as that on a man's shirt,—a plain, straight band ¾ of an inch high. *If you do not know how to make a collar, examine those used by men.* Remember the collar must be from ½ inch to 1 inch longer than the band, and the band and cuffs laundered before they are put on, if the waist is made of washable material.

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